

LITTLE LUCY;  
OR THE  
PLEASANT DAY.  
AN EXAMPLE  
FOR  
LITTLE GIRLS.



NEW HAVEN.  
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED  
BY S. BABCOCK.

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LITTLE LUCY.

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"Come, Lucy, it is time to get up," said Ann, to Lucy Heath, one fine summer morning, as she stood by her bed-side and drew back the curtain. "Make haste and open your eyes ; the sun shines bright, the flowers smell sweet, and the little birds are singing gaily. Come, you will greatly enjoy a run in the garden before breakfast."

"That I shall, Ann," said Lucy, as she rubbed her eyes. "O dear, the sun shines bright, indeed ! It makes me shut my eyes again !"

But Lucy rose quickly and began to put on her clothes. When she had washed herself, and combed her hair neatly, she kneeled down at her bed-side to thank her Heavenly Father for His kind care for her when she was asleep ; and she asked Him to watch

over her and keep her from sin and from danger during the day.

Lucy Heath was a sweet tempered little girl, between nine and ten years of age. She was kind, gentle, dutiful, and affectionate, not only to her parents, but to every one; and she was herself beloved by all who knew her.

When Lucy had finished her morning prayers, she tied on her bonnet and went with Ann into the garden, where they looked at the plants and flowers, and watched the little birds that hopped about under the fruit trees and bushes, picking up worms and insects.

In another part of the garden was a fine large bee-hive. Here they saw the industrious bees flying from flower to flower to gather honey, which they stored in their waxen cells in the hive.

"How hungry and happy they all seem to be;" said Lucy; "and I am hungry and happy too. One good run round by the long walk, and then I will have my breakfast as well as the



birds and bees. So good-bye, Ann." And away she skipped, full of joy and happiness.

When Lucy went into the house, she found that Ann had put her breakfast on the table all ready for her. "Oh, I am so hungry," said she, as she sat down to eat.

As soon as she had finished her breakfast, she went out again to walk in the garden, and from some plants which her mamma had given her, she cut with a small knife, a rose, a pink, and a piece of sweet brier. These she tied up with a bit of thread into a nosegay, and then went to the window of the breakfast room to see if her mamma had come down. But no, her mamma was not there, for she had been quite unwell the day before, and could not rise so early this morning. So Lucy went to feed her Parrot, whose cage stood on a bench under a fine old apple-tree.



The Parrot could speak some words quite plain, and she and her young mistress were quite sociable. After chatting a little while with Poll, and trying to learn her to say "*Good morning, Lucy!*" the little girl again went to the window of the breakfast room, to watch for her mamma.

Soon she saw her mamma at the window, and she ran in to ask her how she did, and to give her the nosegay. Her papa was also in the room, and they both kissed their little girl, and told her they were glad to see her well and happy, and that she might stay with them while they were at breakfast.

Lucy liked this very much, and she talked with them of many things, and was very happy, indeed. After her parents had finished their breakfast, her papa took up a large book and read aloud from it to her mamma. Lucy did not know what it meant, for she had never heard the words before,

so she went very gently to a table at the other end of the room, where she found one of her own books, full of pictures, and she sat down and looked at them till her papa had done reading, for she knew it would be wrong to disturb him by talking or moving about when he was busy.

After breakfast, Mrs. Heath always heard Lucy read, and taught her to sew. When Lucy was reading, she did not look off from her book to gaze out of the window, nor to stare about her, for she knew she had time enough to see the garden and all that was in it, as well as the things that were in the room, when she was not reading.

There was one thing that this morning had nearly made her idle. A little kitten was in the room with its mother, jumping about and playing with a piece of paper, then running round after its tail, and doing so many droll tricks, that Lucy two or three times quite forgot her book in looking



and laughing at the kitten. At length her mamma said,

“I think, Lucy, you had better put puss and her kitten out of the room ; I do not wonder that the tricks of the kitten amuse you, and cause you to forget your book ; but as she thus loses both your time and mine, we had better send her away.”

Lucy thought so too ; so she took up puss and put her out of the room, and then put the kitten out too ; having done this, she sat down again to her lesson and lost no more time.

Having finished her lesson and put her book in its right place in the book-case, she went out to wash her hands before she sewed, that she might not soil her work. As she came back through the hall, the door next the street was open, and near it lay her papa's large dog. She saw that a poor little girl stood near, looking at the dog, as if she dare not pass him.

Lucy asked her what was the matter, and the child said—

“I want to go home ; but I am afraid that great dog will not let me pass.”

“He will not hurt you,” said Lucy ; “but if you are afraid, I will lead you past him.”

So Lucy took hold of the child’s hand and led her past old Trim, for that was the dog’s name, who only lifted up his head to look at Lucy, and wagged his tail, as if to ask her how she did.

“You need never be afraid of Trim ; he is too kind to hurt children,” said Lucy to the little girl, when she had walked with her past the door. The little girl thanked her very much, and then ran towards her home quite rejoiced to be out of the way of the dog.

When Lucy went back to her mamma, she told her what she had done. “You do not like me to go into the street alone, I know, mamma,” said she ; “but there were no horses near,



and I thought, as it was to do a kindness, I might go out."

Her mamma told her she had done right ; and Lucy sat down to her work. While she sewed, her mamma read to her several pretty tales. She then said to Lucy, "Now let me see your work ; it is very neatly done, my love. There are a few long stitches here, but all the rest is well done. Put it away now, for I hear your papa come in, and we must prepare for dinner."

A friend of Lucy's father, whose name was Barker, came to dine and take tea with them. He talked to them a long time, and about things of which Lucy knew nothing. But she did not speak or make a noise ; she tried to amuse herself with her work, and when she was tired of that she took down one of her books, called "*Animal Biography*," and read a long description of the Leopard, which she found very interesting. After reading this, and looking for a long time at a

fine picture of the Leopard, which was in the book, she took out a little puzzle and amused herself till tea-time.

After tea Ann came in and told Lucy it was time to go to bed. So she went up to her mamma and kissed her, and said "Good night," in a whisper; then she went to her papa, and standing on tip-toe, kissed his cheek, and said "Good night" to him, in a whisper. Her papa lifted her up, and said "Good night, my dear child." Then Lucy looked at Mr. Barker, and said "Good night" to him too.

Mr. Barker held out his hand to shake hands with her, and said "Good night, my dear; you are one of the best children I ever saw, for you think more of others than of yourself. You have been quiet and happy, and have caused no trouble to any one. One of these days I shall bring my little girl and boy to spend the day with

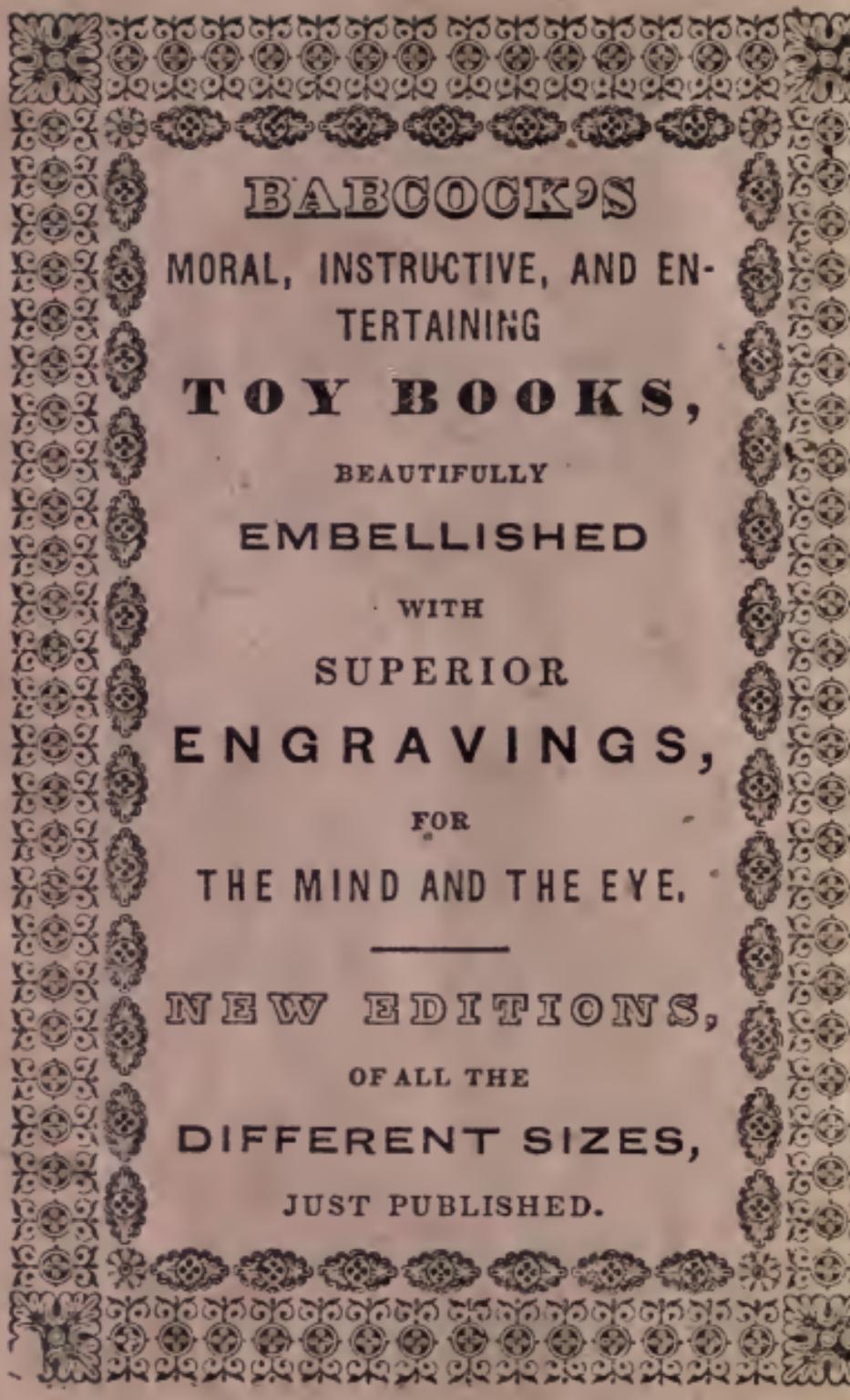
you, and I am sure they will profit by your good examples."

Lucy thanked Mr. Barker, and again wishing all good night, went to her bed-room. After she had said her prayers and then undressed her, she laid her head upon the pillow and thought over all that she had done during the day. She felt that she had been good and that this had been a PLEASANT DAY, for she felt happy; and she soon after fell into a sound and gentle sleep.

Let all my little readers strive, like Lucy, to be kind, gentle, and affectionate, and to do all that is in their power to make their friends happy; they will then find that doing their duty has increased their own happiness, and every day will be to them

A PLEASANT DAY.





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